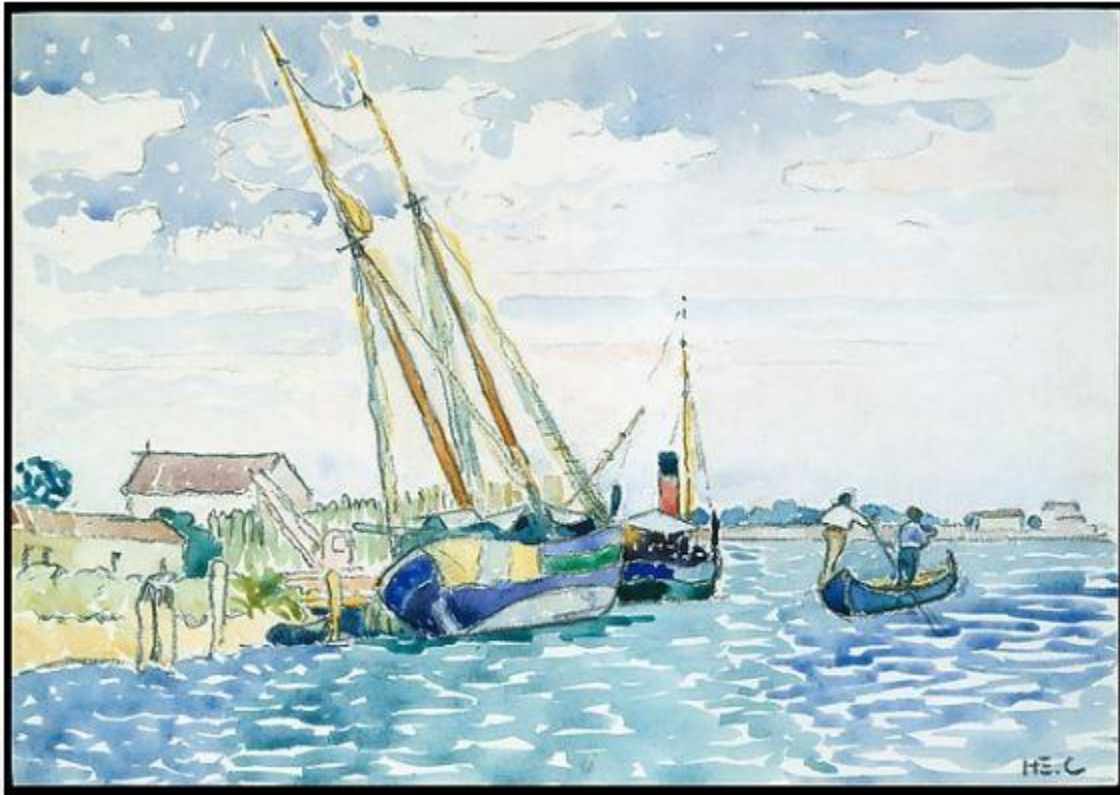


Verse - May 2022



SPRING, A NEW VERSION.

by Thomas Hood

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

The Humourous Poetry of the English Language

by James Parton

"Hamlet: The air bites shrewdly--it is very cold.

Horatio: It is a nipping and eager air."--Hamlet.

Come, GENTLE Spring! ethereal MILDNESS, come!

O! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!

For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!
And suffer from her BLOWS as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a SPRING
Poured down their shoulders!

Let others eulogize her floral shows;
From me they can not win a single stanza.
I know her blooms are in full blow--and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at!

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year!
And fair its early buddings and its blowings--
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings!

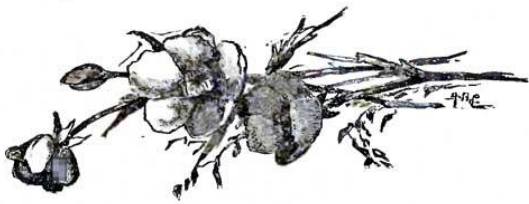
For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
O! where's the SPRING in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony--I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great Agitator,
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My Respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on?--
Spring, mild and gentle!--yes, a Spring-heeled Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!



MOON FOLLY

by Fannie Stearns Gifford

The Project Gutenberg eBook of

Rainbow gold; poems old and new selected for boys and girls,

compiled by Sara Teasdale

(_The Song of Conn the Fool_)

I will go up the mountain after the Moon:
She is caught in a dead fir-tree.
Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,
Like a great pale apple is she.

I will leap and will catch her with quick cold hands
And carry her home in my sack.
I will set her down safe on the oaken bench
That stands at the chimney-back.

And then I will sit by the fire all night,
And sit by the fire all day.
I will gnaw at the Moon to my heart's delight
Till I gnaw her slowly away.

And while I grow mad with the Moon's cold taste
The World will beat at my door,
Crying "Come out!" and crying "Make haste,
And give us the Moon once more!"

But I shall not answer them ever at all.
I shall laugh, as I count and hide
The great black beautiful Seeds of the Moon
In a flower-pot deep and wide.

Then I shall lie down and go fast asleep,
Drunken with flame and aswoon.
But the seeds will sprout and the seeds will leap,
The subtle swift seeds of the Moon.

And some day, all of the World that cries
And beats at my door shall see
A thousand moon-leaves spring from my thatch
On a wonderful white Moon-tree!

Then each shall have Moons to his heart's desire:
Apples of silver and pearl;
Apples of orange and copper fire
Setting his five wits aswirl!

And then they will thank me, who mock me now,
"Wanting the Moon is he,"--
Oh, I'm off to the mountain after the Moon,
Ere she falls from the dead fir-tree!



There was a child once.
He came to play in my garden;
He was quite pale and silent.
Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,
I knew what he had in his pockets,
And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands
And the most intimate tones of his voice.
I led him down each secret path,
Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.
I let him play with them, every one,
I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage
And gave them to him to keep ...
It was very dark in the garden
But never dark enough for us. On tiptoe we walked among the deepest
shades;
We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,
Pretending we were under the sea.
Once--near the boundary of the garden--
We heard steps passing along the World-road;
O how frightened we were!
I whispered: "Have you ever walked along that road?"
He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes....
There was a child once.
He came--quite alone--to play in my garden;
He was pale and silent.
When we met we kissed each other,
But when he went away, we did not even wave.



ON A RAILWAY PLATFORM

The Project Gutenberg eBook,
Collected Poems, by Alfred Noyes

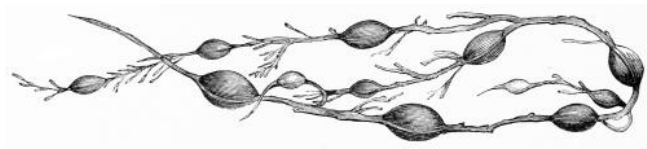
A drizzle of drifting rain
And a blurred white lamp o'erhead,
That shines as my love will shine again
In the world of the dead.

Round me the wet black night,
And, afar in the limitless gloom,
Crimson and green, two blossoms of light,
Two stars of doom.

But the night of death is aflame
With a torch of back-blown fire,
And the coal-black deeps of the quivering air
Rend for my soul's desire.

Leap, heart, for the pulse and the roar
And the lights of the streaming train
That leaps with the heart of thy love once more
Out of the mist and the rain.

Out of the desolate years
The thundering pageant flows;
But I see no more than a window of tears
Which her face has turned to a rose.



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

by Thomas Hood

The Project Gutenberg eBook,

Poems You Ought to Know, by Elia W. Peattie

I remember, I remember

The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.



HOW TO MAKE A NOVEL

by Lord Charles Neaves

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
A Satire Anthology, by Various

TRY with me, and mix what will make a novel,
All hearts to transfix in house or hall or hovel:
Put the caldron on, set the bellows blowing;

We'll produce anon something worth the showing.

Never mind your plot--'t isn't worth the trouble;
Throw into the pot what will boil and bubble.
Character's a jest--what's the use of study?
All will stand the test that's black enough and bloody.

Here's the _Newgate Guide_, here's the _Causes Célèbres_;
Tumble in, besides, pistol, gun, and sabre;
These police reports, those Old Bailey trials,
Horrors of all sorts, to match the Seven Vials.

Down into a well, lady, thrust your lover;
Truth, as some folks tell, there he may discover;
Step-dames, sure though slow, rivals of your daughters.
Bring, as from below, Styx and all its waters.

Crime that breaks all bounds, bigamy and arson,
Poison, blood, and wounds, will carry well the farce on;
Now it's just in shape; yet, with fire and murder,
Treason, too, and rape might help it all the further.

Or, by way of change, in your wild narration,
Choose adventures strange of fraud and personation;
Make the job complete; let your vile assassin
Rob, and forge, and cheat, for his victim passin'.

Tame is virtue's school; paint, as more effective,
Villain, knave, and fool, with always a detective;
Hate for love may sit; gloom will do for gladness;
Banish sense and wit, and dash in lots of madness.

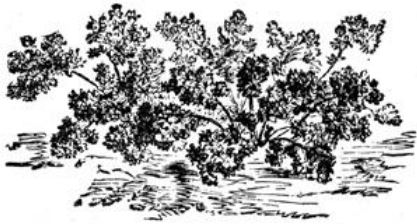
Stir the broth about, keep the furnace glowing;
Soon we'll pour it out, in three bright volumes
flowing:
Some may jeer and jibe; we know where the shop is
Ready to subscribe for a thousand copies.



I KNOW MY SOUL

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Harlem Shadows, by Claude McKay

I plucked my soul out of its secret place,
And held it to the mirror of my eye,
To see it like a star against the sky,
A twitching body quivering in space,
A spark of passion shining on my face.
And I explored it to determine why
This awful key to my infinity
Conspires to rob me of sweet joy and grace.
And if the sign may not be fully read,
If I can comprehend but not control,
I need not gloom my days with futile dread,
Because I see a part and not the whole.
Contemplating the strange, I'm comforted
By this narcotic thought: I know my soul



THE BEGGAR'S COMPLAINT

by Anonymous

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Japanese Literature*, by Various

The heaven and earth they call so great,
For me are mickle small;
The sun and moon they call so bright,
For me ne'er shine at all.

Are all men sad, or only I?
And what have I obtained--
What good the gift of mortal life,
That prize so rarely gained,

If nought my chilly back protects
But one thin grass-cloth coat,
In tatters hanging like the weeds
That on the billows float--

If here in smoke-stained, darksome hut,
Upon the bare cold ground,
I make my wretched bed of straw,
And hear the mournful sound--

Hear how mine aged parents groan,
And wife and children cry,
Father and mother, children, wife,
Huddling in misery--

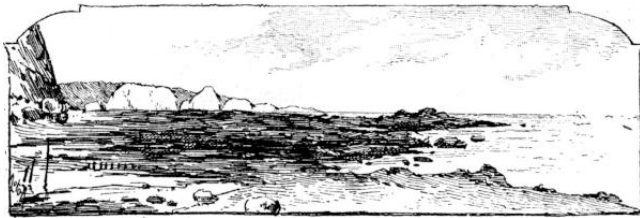
If in the rice-pan, nigh forgot,
The spider hangs its nest,
And from the hearth no smoke goes up
Where all is so unblest?

And now, to make our wail more deep,
That saying is proved true
Of "snipping what was short before":--
Here comes to claim his due,

The village provost, stick in hand
He's shouting at the door;--
And can such pain and grief be all
Existence has in store?

Stanza

Shame and despair are mine from day to day;
But, being no bird, I cannot fly away.



LOVE IS A SICKNESS

by Samuel Daniel

1562-1619

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
The Oxford Book of English Verse; 1250-1900,
by Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries--
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting.

Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries--
Heigh ho!

THE OUTLAW OF LOCH LENE

by Jeremiah Joseph Callanan

1795-1839 *ibid*

(From the Irish)

O many a day have I made good ale in the glen,
That came not of stream or malt, like the brewing of men:
My bed was the ground; my roof, the green-wood above;
And the wealth that I sought, one far kind glance from my Love.

Alas! on that night when the horses I drove from the field,
That I was not near from terror my angel to shield!
She stretch'd forth her arms; her mantle she flung to the wind,
And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlaw'd lover to find.

O would that a freezing sleet-wing'd tempest did sweep,
And I and my love were alone, far off on the deep;
I'd ask not a ship, or a bark, or a pinnacle, to save--
With her hand round my waist, I'd fear not the wind or the wave.

'Tis down by the lake where the wild tree fringes its sides,
The maid of my heart, my fair one of Heaven resides:
I think, as at eve she wanders its mazes among,
The birds go to sleep by the sweet wild twist of her song.



THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

by Washington Irving.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

The New-York Book of Poetry, by Various

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft, sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
Here the wild flow'ret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,
And deep in its gloom fix'd his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning and storm;

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encounter'd the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide-waving shade;--
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low;

He taught the pure stream in rough channels to flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time--
Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
The axe of the white man has lighten'd the shade,
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes with wondering eye,
On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high;
Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.



LAMENT

by Scharmél Iris

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
The New Poetry, by Various

Lady, your heart has turned to dust,
Your wail is taken by the sea.
The wind is knocking at my heart,
And will not let me be.

Your moaning smites me in my dreams,
And I must sorrow till I die.
And I shall rove, and I shall weep,

Till in the grave I lie.

THE MASTER

by Edwin Arlington Robinson

ibid

Lincoln as he appeared to one soon after the Civil War

A flying word from here and there
Had sown the name at which we sneered,
But soon the name was everywhere,
To be reviled and then revered:
A presence to be loved and feared,
We cannot hide it, or deny
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous
And hearts of men were sore beguiled,
And having made his note of us,
He pondered and was reconciled.
Was ever master yet so mild
As he, and so untamable?
We doubted, even when he smiled,
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task
That he encountered and saw through;

But little of us did he ask,
And little did we ever do.
And what appears if we review
The season when we railed and chaffed?—
It is the face of one who knew
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured, to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold—
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied
Our shopman's test of age and worth,
Was elemental when he died,
As he was ancient at his birth:
The saddest among kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame
Are bounded by the world alone;
The calm, the smouldering, and the flame
Of awful patience were his own:
With him they are forever flown
Past all our fond self-shadowings,
Wherewith we cumber the Unknown
As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:
'Twas ours to soar and his to see.
But we are coming down again,
And we shall come down pleasantly;
Nor shall we longer disagree

On what it is to be sublime,
But flourish in our perigee
And have one Titan at a time.

I AM THE WIND

by Zoë Akins

ibid

I am the wind that wavers,
You are the certain land;
I am the shadow that passes
Over the sand.

I am the leaf that quivers,
You the unshaken tree;
You are the stars that are steadfast,
I am the sea.

You are the light eternal—
Like a torch I shall die;
You are the surge of deep music,
I but a cry!



THE SECRET OF THE SEA

by Henry W. Longfellow

Project Gutenberg's

The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children, by Various

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;--

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,--
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"--so the helmsman answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,

I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies.

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.



RADICAL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Poems, by Marianne Moore

Tapering
to a point, conserving everything,
this carrot is predefined to be thick.
The world is
but a circumstance, a mis-
erable corn-patch for its feet. With ambition,
imagination, outgrowth,

nutriment,
with everything crammed belligerent-
ly inside itself, its fibres breed mon-
opoly—
a tail-like, wedge-shaped engine with the
secret of expansion, fused with intensive heat
to the color of the set-

ting sun and
stiff. For the man in the straw hat, stand-
ing still and turning to look back at it—

as much as
to say my happiest moment has
been funereal in comparison with this, the con-
ditions of life pre-

determined
slavery to be easy and freedom hard. For
it? Dismiss
agrarian lore; it tells him this:
that which it is impossible to force, it is
impossible to hinder.



SOLITUDE.

by Alexander Pope
The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Poems Every Child Should Know, by Various

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.



SONG

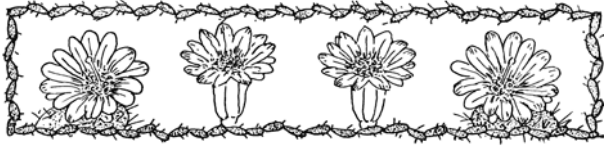
by Mercy Harvey

(ST. HILDA'S_)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Oxford Poetry, [1917] by Various

For Beauty's sake I weep,
Because my love is beautiful,
I came upon her lying asleep
Within a bower sweet and cool.
The tall trees intertwined
And made a bower for my love,
With green shrubs nestling there behind,
And a blue strip of sky above.
For Beauty's sake I grieve,
That Beauty soon must fade and die,
As lilac blossoms fall, nor leave
One ghostly fragrance lingering nigh.
For Beauty's sake I strive
For one long moment's raptured bliss
To hold her in her form alive
And give her one impassioned kiss.
For her own sake she dies,

Nor leaves behind one memory;
The light out of the western skies
Is gone, and thou art gone from me.



TWILIGHT ON SUMTER

by Richard Henry Stoddard

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

Poems of American Patriotism

by Brander Matthews (Editor)

[Sidenote: Aug. 24, 1863]

After the surrender of Major Anderson, the Confederates strengthened the fort; but, in the spring of 1863, the U. S. guns on Morris Island battered it into a shapeless ruin.

Still and dark along the sea
Sumter lay;
A light was overhead,
As from burning cities shed,
And the clouds were battle-red,
Far away.
Not a solitary gun
Left to tell the fort had won,
Or lost the day!
Nothing but the tattered rag
Of the drooping Rebel flag,
And the sea-birds screaming round it in their play.

How it woke one April morn,
Fame shall tell;
As from Moultrie, close at hand,
And the batteries on the land,
Round its faint but fearless band

Shot and shell
Raining hid the doubtful light;
But they fought the hopeless fight
Long and well,
(Theirs the glory, ours the shame!)
Till the walls were wrapt in flame,
Then their flag was proudly struck, and Sumter fell.

Now--oh, look at Sumter now,
In the gloom!
Mark its scarred and shattered walls,
(Hark! the ruined rampart falls!)
There's a justice that appals
In its doom;
For this blasted spot of earth
Where Rebellion had its birth
Is its tomb!
And when Sumter sinks at last
From the heavens, that shrink aghast,
Hell shall rise in grim derision and make room!



SEA ROSE
by H. D.
The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Some Imagist Poets, by Various

Rose, harsh rose,
marred and with stint of petals,
meagre flower, thin,

sparse of leaf.

more precious
than a wet rose,
single on a stem--
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,
you are flung on the sands,
you are lifted
in the crisp sand
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose
drip such acrid fragrance
hardened in a leaf?



CATERPILLARS

by John Freeman

The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Georgian Poetry 1920-22, by Various

Of caterpillars Fabre tells how day after day
Around the rim of a vast earth pot they crawled,
Tricked thither as they filed shuffling out one morn
Head to tail when the common hunger called.

Head to tail in a heaving ring day after day,
Night after slow night, the starving mommets crept,
Each following each, head to tail, day after day,
An unbroken ring of hunger--then it was snapt.

I thought of you, long-heaving, horned green caterpillars,
As I lay awake. My thoughts crawled each after each,

Crawling at night each after each on the same nerve,
An unbroken ring of thoughts too sore for speech.

Over and over and over and over again
The same hungry thoughts and the hopeless same regrets,
Over and over the same truths, again and again
In a heaving ring returning the same regrets.



A LYNMOUTH WIDOW

by Amelia Josephine Burr

The Project Gutenberg eBook of
Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914,
edited by William Stanley Braithwaite

He was straight and strong, and his eyes were blue
As the summer meeting of sky and sea,
And the ruddy cliffs have a colder hue
Than flushed his cheek when he married me.

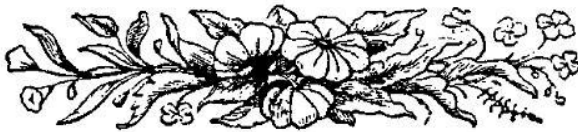
We passed the porch where the swallows breed,
We left the little brown church behind,
And I leaned on his arm though I had no need,

Only to feel him so strong and kind.

One thing I never can quite forget--
It grips my throat when I try to pray--
The keen salt smell of a drying net
That hung on the churchyard wall that day.

He would have taken a long, long grave--
A long, long grave, for he stood so tall....
Oh, God--the crash of the breaking wave,
And the smell of the nets on the churchyard wall!

from The Bellman



TO MY LOST CHILD

by Will Sexton

Project Gutenberg's

Negro Poets and Their Poems,

by Robert T. Kerlin

It is well, child of my heart, the rosebush drops
its petals on your grave.
It is well, child of my heart, the sparrow sings to
you when Aurora has rouged the sky.
In your trundle bed deep in the bosom of the earth
you can dream pleasanter dreams than I.
You have never felt the sting of living in a white
man's civilization and beneath a white man's laws.
You have never been forced to dance to the music of

hate played by an idle orchestra.
You have never toiled long hours and bowed and
scraped for the chance to breathe.
In your dreams you wonder in the Heaven beyond the
skies with the God civilization rebukes.
Tell me, little child, are you not happy in that
realm no white man can enter?



HERMES OF THE WAYS

by H. D.

Project Gutenberg's

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Volume I,

by Various

The hard sand breaks,
And the grains of it
Are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it,
The wind,
Playing on the wide shore,
Piles little ridges,
And the great waves
Break over it.

But more than the many-foamed ways
Of the sea,
I know him
Of the triple path-ways,
Hermes,
Who awaiteth.

Dubious,
Facing three ways,
Welcoming wayfarers,

He whom the sea-orchard
Shelters from the west,
From the east
Weathers sea-wind;
Fronts the great dunes.

Wind rushes
Over the dunes,
And the coarse, salt-crusted grass
Answers.

Heu,
It whips round my ankles!

II

Small is
This white stream,
Flowing below ground
From the poplar-shaded hill,
But the water is sweet.

Apples on the small trees
Are hard,
Too small,
Too late ripened
By a desperate sun
That struggles through sea-mist.

The boughs of the trees
Are twisted
By many bafflings;
Twisted are
The small-leafed boughs.

But the shadow of them
Is not the shadow of the mast head
Nor of the torn sails.

Hermes, Hermes,
The great sea foamed,
Gnashed its teeth about me;
But you have waited,
Where sea-grass tangles with
Shore-grass.



THE ASS
The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Birds, Beasts and Flowers, by D. H. Lawrence

The long-drawn bray of the ass
In the Sicilian twilight--

All mares are dead!
All mares are dead!
Oh-h!
Oh-h-h!
Oh-h-h-h-h-h!!
I can't bear it, I can't bear it,
I can't!
Oh, I can't!
Oh--
There's one left!
There's one left!
One!
There's one ... left....

So ending on a grunt of agonised relief.

This is the authentic Arabic interpretation of the braying of the ass.
And Arabs should know.

And yet, as his brass-resonant howling yell resounds through the Sicilian
twilight
I am not sure--

His big, furry head,
His big, regretful eyes,
His diminished, drooping hindquarters,
His small toes.

Such a dear!
Such an ass!
With such a knot inside him!
He regrets something that he remembers.
That's obvious.

The Steppes of Tartary,
And the wind in his teeth for a bit,
And _noli me tangere_.

Ah then, when he tore the wind with his teeth,
And trod wolves underfoot,
And over-rode his mares as if he were savagely leaping an obstacle, to set
his teeth in the sun....

Somehow, alas, he fell in love,
And was sold into slavery.

He fell into the rut of love,
Poor ass, like man, always in a rut,
The pair of them alike in that.

All his soul in his gallant member
And his head gone heavy with the knowledge of desire
And humiliation.

The ass was the first of all animals to fall finally into love,

From obstacle-leaping pride,
Mare obstacle,
Into love, mare-goal, and the knowledge of love.
Hence Jesus rode him in the Triumphant Entry.
Hence his beautiful eyes.
Hence his ponderous head, brooding over desire, and downfall,
 Jesus, and a pack-saddle,
Hence he uncovers his big ass-teeth and howls in that agony that is
 half-insatiable desire and half-unquenchable humiliation.
Hence the black cross on his shoulders.

The Arabs were only half right, though they hinted the whole;
Everlasting lament in everlasting desire.

See him standing with his head down, near the Porta Cappuccini,
Asinello,
Somaro;
With the half-veiled, beautiful eyes, and the pensive face not asleep,
Motionless, like a bit of rock.

Has he seen the Gorgon's head, and turned to stone?
Alas, Love did it.
Now he's a jackass, a pack-ass, a donkey, somaro, burro, with a boss piling
 loads on his back.
Tied by the nose at the Porta Cappuccini.
And tied in a knot, inside, dead-licked between two desires:
To overleap like a male all mares as obstacles
In a leap at the sun;
And to leap in one last heart-bursting leap like a male at the
 goal of a mare,
And there end.
Well, you can't have it both roads.

Hee! Hee! Ehee! Ehow! Ehaw!! Oh! Oh! Oh-h-h!!
The wave of agony bursts in the stone that he was,
Bares his long ass's teeth, flattens his long ass's ears, straightens his
 donkey neck,
And howls his pandemonium on the indignant air.

Yes, it's a quandary.
Jesus rode on him, the first burden on the first beast of burden.
Love on a submissive ass.
So the tale began.

But the ass never forgets.

The horse, being nothing but a nag, will forget.
And men, being mostly geldings and knacker-boned hacks, have almost all
forgot.
But the ass is a primal creature, and never forgets.

The Steppes of Tartary,
And Jesus on a meek ass-colt: mares: Mary escaping to Egypt: Joseph's cudgel.

Hee! Hee! Ehee! Ehow-ow!-ow!-aw!-aw!-aw!
All mares are dead!
Or else I am dead!
One of us, or the pair of us,
I don't know--ow!--ow!
Which!
Not sure--ure--ure
Quite which!
Which!
Taormina.



LAST LOOKS AT THE LILACS
from The Internet Archive etext of

Harmonium by Wallace Stevens

To what good, in the alleys of the lilacs,

O caliper, do you scratch your buttocks
And tell the divine ingenue, your companion,
That this bloom is the bloom of soap
And this fragrance the fragrance of vegetal?

Do you suppose that she cares a tick,

In this hymeneal air, what it is
That marries her innocence thus,

So that her nakedness is near,

Or that she will pause at scurrilous words?

Poor buffo! Look at the lavender
And look your last and look still steadily,

And say how it comes that you see
Nothing but trash and that you no longer feel
Her body quivering in the Floreal

Toward the cool night and its fantastic star,
Prime paramour and belted paragon,
Well-booted, rugged, arrogantly male,

Patron and imager of the gold Don John,

Who will embrace her before summer comes.



On IMAGINATION.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of

Religious and Moral Poems, by Phillis Wheatley

THY various works, imperial queen, we see,
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp
by thee!

Thy wond'rous acts in beauteous order stand,
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,
Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend:
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind:
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Though Winter frowns to Fancy's raptur'd eyes
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;
Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd:
Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,

O thou the leader of the mental train:
 In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
 And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.
 Before thy throne the subject-passions bow,
 Of subject-passions sov'reign ruler thou;
 At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
 And through the glowing veins the spirits dart.
 Fancy might now her silken pinions try
 To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high:
 From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,
 Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dyes,
 While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.
 The monarch of the day I might behold,
 And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold,
 But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
 Which Fancy dresses to delight the Muse;
 Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
 And northern tempests damp the rising fire;
 They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea,
 Cease then, my song, cease the unequal lay.



SEA-SCAPE.

by Andre Fontainas

The Project Gutenberg eBook,

Contemporary Belgian Poetry, by Various,

Edited and Translated by Jethro Bithell

Under basaltic porticoes of calm sea-caves,
 Heavy with alga and the moss of fucus gold,
 In the occult, slow shaking of sea-waves,
 Among the alga in proud blooms unfold
 The cups of pride of silent, slender gladioles....

The mystery wherein dies the rhythm of the waves
In gleams of kisses long and calm unrolls,
And the red coral whereon writhes the alga cold
Stretches out arms that bleed with calm flowers, and beholds
Its gleams reflected in the rest of waves.

Now here you stand in gardens flowered with alga, cold
In the nocturnal, distant song of waves,
Queen whose calm, pensive looks are glaucous gladioles,
Raising above the waves their light-filled bowls,
Among the alga on the coral where the ocean rolls.



MEDIOCRITE IN LOVE REJECTED

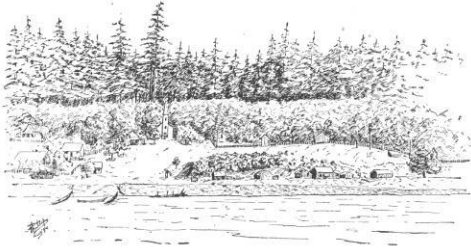
by Thomas Carew

WikiSource

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The Torrid, or the frozen Zone,
Bring equall ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreame, of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calme estate.

Give me a storme; if it be love,

Like Danae in that golden showre
I swimme in pleasure; if it prove
Disdaine, that torrent will devoure
My Vulture-hopes; and he's possest
Of Heaven, that's but from Hell releast:
Then crowne my joyes, or cure my paine;
Give me more love, or more disdaine.



A MID-SUMMER NOON IN THE AUSTRALIAN FOREST

by Charles Harpur

ibid

Not a bird disturbs the air,
There is quiet everywhere;
Over plains and over woods
What a mighty stillness broods.

Even the grasshoppers keep
Where the coolest shadows sleep;
Even the busy ants are found
Resting in their pebbled mound;
Even the locust clingeth now
In silence to the barky bough:
And over hills and over plains
Quiet, vast and slumbrous, reigns.

Only there's a drowsy humming
From yon warm lagoon slow coming:
'Tis the dragon-hornet — see!
All bedaubed resplendently
With yellow on a tawny ground —
Each rich spot nor square nor round,

But rudely heart-shaped, as it were
The blurred and hasty impress there,
Of vermeil-crusted seal
Dusted o'er with golden meal:
Only there's a droning where
Yon bright beetle gleams the air —
Gleams it in its droning flight
With a slanting track of light,
Till rising in the sunshine higher,
Its shards flame out like gems on fire.

Every other thing is still,
Save the ever wakeful rill,
Whose cool murmur only throws
A cooler comfort round Repose;
Or some ripple in the sea
Of leafy boughs, where, lazily,
Tired Summer, in her forest bower
Turning with the noontide hour,
Heaves a slumbrous breath, ere she
Once more slumbers peacefully.

O 'tis easeful here to lie
Hidden from Noon's scorching eye,
In this grassy cool recess
Musing thus of Quietness.



SEA CHARM

from the Wikisource etext of

The Weary Blues

by [James Mercer] Langston Hughes

Sea charm

The sea's own children

Do not understand.

They know

But that the sea is strong
Like God's hand.
They know
But that sea wind is sweet
Like God's breath,
And that the sea holds
A wide, deep death.



TWO - IX
from the ibid etext of *Is 5*,
by E. E. Cummings

little ladies more
than dead exactly dance
in my head, precisely
dance where danced la guerre,

Mimi a
la voix fragile
qui chatouille Des
Italiens

the putain with the ivory throat
Marie Louise Lallemand
n'es-ce pas que je suis belle
cheri? les anglais m'aiment
tous, les americains
aussi. . . "bon dos, bon cul de Paris" (Marie
Vierge
Priez
Pour
Nous)

with the
long lips of
Lucienne which dangle

the old men and hot
men se promenant
doucement le soir(ladies

accurately dead les anglais
sont gentils et les americains
aussi, ils payent bien les americains dance

exactly in my brain voulez
vous coucher avec
moi? Non? pourquoi?

ladies skilfully
dead precisely dance
where has danced la
guerre j'm'appelle
Manon, cinq rue Henri Mounier
voulez vous coucher avec moi?
te ferai Mimi
te ferai Minette,
dead exactly dance
si vous voulez
chatouiller
mon lezard ladies suddenly
j'm'en fout de negres

(in the twilight of Paris
Marie Louise with queenly
legs cinq rue Henri
Mounier a little love
begs, Mimi with the body
like une boite a joujoux, want nice sleep?
toutes les petites femmes exactes
qui dansent toujours in my
head dis-donc,Paris

ta gorge mysterieuse
pourquoi se promene-t-elle, pourquoi
eclate ta voix

fragile couleur de pivoine?)
with the

long lips of Lucienne which
dangle the old men and hot men
precisely dance in my head
ladies carefully dead

=====

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